A Washington veteran who recently vis- | person, with a high forward and benevolent ited historic South Mountain, in Washington county, Md., found that there are many grim relies of the sanguinary battle of Antietam, and the fight on South mountain, in possession of the farmers in that

"The strangest part of it." said the Washington man, "is that these relics are regarded by the natives as of little value. In one place not far from Eakle's Mill, a farmer has a beautifully engraved Masonic sword which has been used as a plaything by the children of the neighborhood. The handle of the sword is of ivery carved with

Masonic emblems "The farmer who owns this rare relic stated that his father detached it from the body of a dead confederate officer, who, af-ter being shot at the battle of South Mountain, crawled into a thicket to die. His re-mains were found there several days after the fight, when the guns of both armies were thundering along Antietam creek and

about Sharpsburg.
"In another farm house a bayonet found in a clump of bushes on South mountain is doing duty as a stove lifter, and at others are cannon balls and musket balls galore, which are thrown about as though they were of no historic value whatever,"

The Washington crawfish industry for the spring and summer of 1905 has begun. Several colored men who engage in fishing for these crustaceans can be seen almost every day on the Virginia side of the Potomac wading about near the shore with little wire nets, dipping out the crawfish, or crayfish, as they are sometimes designated.

"Dey am not so plentiful now as dey used ter be in years gone by an' de price of dem has riz accordin'ly," said one of the

colored crawfisherman.

He added that for the good, lively fellows he could get from 30 to 35 cents a dozen. His principal customers are Chinamen, who make some sort of a dish of the little "back sliders," the name of which sounds like "chickacareeny." Several years ago one of the crawfishers said a Frenchman connected with one of the legations was his principal customer, and cheerfully paid 75 cents a decade as he termed them. paid 75 cents a dozen for the "delicacies,

While the average criminal is not supposed to be religiously inclined, still they attend the sacred services at the workhouse every Sunday afternoon with peculiar unanimity, and eagerly look forward to the of the Christian workers.

To deprive some of the prisoners of the privilege of attending these services," said a guard, "would be to inflict the most severe punishment on them." * * * * *

Several prominent members of the local bar recently were discussing a voluminous indictment reported by the grand jury. One of the group remarked that he was thereby reminded of the criticism passed by an attorney who took part in the famous "star route" trial, on the very lengthy indictment returned in that case.

"In reading the indictment," the attorney "I found several nouns jumbled to gether, and two or three pages farther over I discovered an 'orphan' verb."

an inhabitant of a small town in Canada, in which the writer said: "I send five cents to the Sunday issue of the Washington Star. Please send me a sample copy." Enclosed was a Canadian five-cent piece with a hole in it. * * * * *

"Conductors and motormen on the stree cars ought to be more careful in changing the signs over the front end of their cars at the termini," said a Washington resident the other day as he called attention to a west-bound Georgetown car with the sign "Navy Yard" displayed over the front

"Visitors to Washington who are not ac quainted with the city frequently experience considerable annoyance by reason of the neglect of the operators to change the signs on the street cars. A stranger to the city desiring to go to the navy yard and seeing the navy yard sign over the George-town car, would doubtless board it and be carried out to Georgetown and be greatly nconvenienced because of the neglect of the persons whose duty it is to see that proper

"The other day a party of visitors de-siring to go to Lincoln Park boarded a car with the Lincoln Park sign displayed, but which was bound for Mt. Pleasant. discovered their mistake-or rather the mis take of the conductor or motorman-after they had gone half way to Mt. Pleasant and had paid their car fare. The carelessness of the operators of the car in that case not only caused the strangers inconvenience and loss of time, but also additional expense.

"I was in a popular Broadway restaurant with the after-theater crowd the other night," said a New Yorker, "and a friend from the west said 'Why, there is Bat Masterson, the former sheriff of the cow country.'

"I turned to a neighboring table, ex-pecting to see a truculent looking person, with lowering brow and menacing eye, for this sheriff has more 'notches on his gun' than there are warts on a toad. And what do you think I saw? As mild a mannered man as e'er plugged a horse thief with a Colt's 45. There he was, all rigged out in his 'swallow-tailed harness,' being the term often applied to evening clothes west of the Missouri really an intellectual looking

call, haven't they?-Scraps

"And what do you think this 'killer' of the cow country was doing? He was eating sweetbreads a la reine and fresh mushrooms, and at that moment was caviling with the waiter because his wine had not been sufficiently cooled. Now ,isn't that the limit for a cow-country sheriff?"

Immediately after the recently circulated report of the likelihood of Postmaster General Cortelyou being offered the presidency of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York, another report was promulgated. It was to the effect that the vacancy created in the cabinet by the retirement of Mr. Cortelyou would be filled by the appointment by the President of Elmer Dover, secretary of the republican national comnittee and formerly private secretary to the late Senator Hanna. As soon as this last-named report had reached Chicago and been printed in the Tribune, with which Mr. Medill McCormick is very closely associated, a dispatch came over the wires to Mr Dover from Mr. McCormick. The latter is a son-in-law of the late junior senator from Ohio. The telegram said:
"When you are made Postmaster General

may I have the place recently held by August Machen?" Mr Dover replied: "Yes. Await letter following."
Mr. McCormick waited for the letter. It ame. It said Sincerely yours, "ELMER DOVER." "No.

POOR-TAX BILL.

Report Relating to Operation of Law in England.

The operations of England's poor-tax bill, designed for the relief of the poor of all classes in England and Wales, as reported to the State Department by United States Consul Swalm at Southampton, show that during the last half of 1904 there was expended "in maintenance" \$7,972,790; for "out relief," \$7,699,740; making a total of \$15,672,530, an increase of \$140,000, as compared with similar expenditures for the corresponding period of 1903. In addition to the sum named the cost for care of insane poor, in asylums, was \$5,784,510, for the same half year; or a general total of \$21,457,040 for the half year. For the year the charge easily

On July 1, 1904, the number of persons in England and Wales in receipt of poor relief (excluding pauper lunatics) was 754,046, an increase of 24,804 over the number on the corresponding day in 1903. "This plan," says Sonsul Swalm, "of maintaining the children of the poor-or such as may be in the poorhouses or "unions"-in cottages and homes of that character, is happily finding a very general adoption, no less than 128 "unions" now maintaining the children away from the

pauperizing effects of poorhouse associa-tions. The county of London paid out 72 cents per head of its population for the half year on poor account."

Its Name is "Castle Williams." From the New York Times. It is not at all remarkable that so many New Yorkers, including not a few who are the history and monuments of the city, are either mistaken or uncertain as to the name of the once impressive but now ridiculous little round fort on Governor's Island, The trouble arises from two facts-first, that this is one of the very few fortifications in all the world that was named after its actual designer and builder; and, second, that it was named after a man who, though of some prominence in his day, was not really well known even then, and somehow failed to make for himself any place at all in the commonly read histories. The impression that the fort is "Castle William" s held by those who think it older than it When Castle Williams was built the people of this country were not seeking opportunities to pay honor to foreign potentates, and though they had military heroes enough of their own, most of them were still alive, and the living hero does not often get this sort of glory. So, as Col. Jonathan Williams had planned and supervised the construction of several defenses around New York harbor, including the

Castle Clinton, which later became Castle Garden, one of the forts was allowed to bear his name. And his name was quite good enough for the little round fort. Born in Boston in 1750. Williams saw in his youth many seas and several lands, including France, where he studied military science to such purpose that in 1801 he became a very efficient major in the artillery and engineer corps. He was superintendent at West Point for a while, but a squabble about rank led to his resignation. He soon had the place back again, however, and with a higher grade, so he must have been either right or much needed. Williams is credited with being the first to introduce in the United States principles of scientific military engineering, and he has been called the "Father of the Corps of Engineers"-a title well worth having. In 1812 he de-manded the command of Castle Williams. It was refused, and he resigned from the Two years later he was elected to Congress, but never took his seat. He wrote several books on subjects interesting to engineers and sailors. Perhaps, with all this nformation supplied to them, New Yorkers will be able for a while to remember that "Williams" is right and "William" is wrong in speaking of the absurd little fort on Gov-

ernor's Island-which was, by the way, at

the time of its erection the only casemated

battery in the United States.

Little Enid (who has heard of pupples' tails being clipped)—Oh, auntie, what a dear But what a shame! They've made a mistake and cut his legs off instead of his

"Every time I read in the papers one of

ing, double-chinned man. erature age, and I was living on Capitol Year, namely, the Metropolitan handicap, Hill at the time. The home-and-mother is to be decided." business began to look like a heap of a bother to me, and so I decided to flag it.

"I separated 85 cents from my mother's pocketbook, acquired surreptitious possession of my father's revoiver, stuffed half a loaf of bread and an overlooked can of sardines from the icebox into my pockets, and set my face toward the land of the setting sun, for the purpose of making the Injuns look like a strictly fireproof building in the

act of burning to the ground. "Of course, as I afterward ascertained, my father and mother were keenly alarmed when they found that I was gone-when I, the great trapper, Injun-extinguisher and all-around vicious man, failed to turn up for dinner; and they instituted an unsuc-

cessful search for me.
"But they didn't need to search much.
Along about 10 o'clock that night the terror of the red man, meaning me, sneaked in the back way of his own volition.

"Night had come on apace, emptiness had gripped me in the region of the waistband, and I had figured that the time wasn't exactly propitious for my departure into the mighty forest; so I had hiked back from the point on the Eastern branch, where I had been swimmin' with the rest of the Injun-killers all day. I returned with a fear of the shadows in my soul and a powerful hunch as to the things that were going to happen unto me when I made my be lated appearance at my own fireside.

"My hunch was correct. I tried to slip in the back way. I had got through the kitchen, and was trying to sneak up the back stairs, when my dad, who was about to start out to notify the police of my disap-pearance, heard the noise. He made his way to the foot of the back stairs with a and saw his missing son and heir erouching about midway of the steps, looking real innocent and sad, and the large bulldog revolver sticking out of my hind

"'Ah! mighty Shoot-Straight-and-True, death-dealing paleface, thou hast returned, hast thou? remarked my dad, getting a triple twist around my collar with one hand and reaching for the strap that hung in the kitchen with the other. Thou hast come back to the lowly tepee of thy fathers, hev? (Whack.) Swift-as-the-Antelope, thy arto give thee a personally-conducted imita-tion of another red man biting the dust, O Pitiless Flague of the Comanches! (Lam.) For your old father is a pretty danged bad Injun himself, O Roaring Elk of the Great White North! (Zippy-zipp.) He's the hottest article in the way of a bad Injun that thou art liable to stack up against in the course of many days' hiking toward the land of the setting sun. (Whoosh-biff.) When it comes to the hunt gag and the trap thing and the man-eat and the scalp-take, he's aces himself! (Wheesh-whoosh-biff.) How's this for a Custer massacre en a reduced canvas, O Thundering-Moose-Aboutto-Drink, hey? (Ker-whoosh.) Now, gimme that gun, and dry up your head, and sneak up younder to bed, you miserable little whelp, and if I hear two more bleats out of you during the next three weeks you'll go right on eating your meals standing up for the rest of the summer, and that ain't no Deadville Gulch hop-trance, either!' "Well, that's about all, and that's the answer. I never ran away any more.

Talk and Talkers. From the Portland (Ore.) Telegram,

To the ancient Greeks-the most artistic and intellectual people the world has known-life was largely an opportunity for talk. They would not have agreed with them the highest and best talk was priceless. Their greatest men were all great talkers. Day after day the talkers. Day after day these wonderful people met in the public places and talked, and when night came, instead of going out to see their best girls-there was no courting in those days-the men got together and ate and drank wine-and talked. They talked on the deepest subjects of human life, and if any one wants to know how they talked he can get a pretty good idea from the dialogues of Plato. Perhaps all the talk was not of so high excellence as this, but there is good reason for believing that it did not fall below the level of good taste.

But this wonderful Greek civilization passed away. Most of the good talk was lost. Fortunately for us, some of it was not. Perhaps the race has never had such good talkers since, though there have been a few good talkers. But the thing which mpresses one most in reading the dialogues of Plato, and some other fragments of conversation which have come down to us, is that the Greeks were not only good talkers, but that they were equally good listeners. They really wanted to know the other man's point of view. So they listened to what he had to say. They were not monol-

ogists, but conversationalists. Now it must be confessed that, while we find today many men who are very good talkers, though there is apt to be considerable thinness in what they have to say, one meets with few who are good conversationalists. They can talk, but they are unable to listen. Their egoism, if not their egotism, makes your point of view a thing of small moment to them.

Something About Rhode Island.

From the New York Press. Rhode Island is the most interesting state in the Union. Her people are generally known as "Gun-flints." She is about the size of a postage stamp, yet has two capitals. Her rival in that respect, Connectlcut, had two until New Haven yielded to Hartford in 1873. Rhode Island is not an island, being surrounded on three sides by dry land. There used to be an island of the name-the Indians called it "Aquidneck"-but its identity was lost when the "peaceful isle" annexed the Providence plantations. Wasn't that the original American "merger?" The name "Rhode Island" is of very obscure origin. The early settlers of "Little Rhody" had grim experiences, as we may infer from the names bestowed upon the physical features of the state. These represent the whole gamut of human suffering, human ambition, human weaknesses. Take the islands Prudence, Patience, Hope, Despair, all under the hand of Providence. And don't ok Hog Island. The coat of arms a golden anchor, fouled, on a blue shield, and the motto is "Hope." Rhode Island in 1776 ordered that the name of the "Col ony of Rhode Island" be the oath of allegi-ance instead of "to the King of Great Britain." Oh, she was a very proud, haughty, independent little body, and set herself up

The Koreans' White Dress.

ened to treat her as a foreign power.

against the United States, refusing to ratify the Constitution until Congress threat-

from Housekeeper. As the Koreans are obliged to dress in white for three years for every case of death, and as once three kings died within ten years, by which deaths mourning was imposed on the whole nation, the majority of people chose rather to dress continually in white in order to avoid the great ex-pense involved by repeated change of clothing. The women make these garments, and every time they have to be washed they are entirely taken to pieces and beaten for hours with a wooden paddle, in order to obtain the metallic gloss which is considered particularly beautiful.

A Railway Man's Predicament.

om the London Mafl.

Recently Joseph Ollier, an engine-fitter mployed by the Northwestern Railway Company at Crewe, had a strange and trying experience. In repairing a locomotive he had occasion to get inside the watertank, the inlet of which is exceedingly He got in with little difficulty, but small. He got in with little difficulty, but could not get out. The efforts of other workmen to extricate him were unavailing. Ollier became exhausted, and lay in the tank unconscious. A number of mechanics had to be summoned, and the engine was taken to pieces before the man could be released. He is now in the railway hospital.

The Roll of the Art of the Control o

INJUN KILLER'S FATE DIDN'T BACK BELDAME STAGE-STRUCK GIRLS

"My dear," said the Mount Pleasant these runaway-boy stories-and there have man, who only jumps the track once in a been a good many runaway-boy stories in while, but who go enally lands thudding y Washington papers lately-I fall to think- at the wind-up of these occasions, "you ing of a little experience of my own at may have noticed in the course of your pethat game," observed the complaisant-look- rusal of the papers that at half-past 4 o'clock this afternoon at Belmont Park, "Happened when I was at the nickel-lit- L. I., one of the great horse races of the

> The man's wife put down her coffee cupthey were at the breakfast table - and staked him to a fixed and reproachful gaze. "Edward Wobblewit," said she in a hollow voice, "do you mean to sit there and tell me that, after all of your bitter experience with it, you have permitted yourself to be visited once again by the horse mania? Just tell me that, Edward Wobble-

"Yes'm," was his wholly frank and amiable reply, "C Got it bad. "Got it just for today, though.

Mhat's more, I m going to pinch out one hundred large, round, metal-lic dollars, and put them on the baby that's going to nail the race. How's that for a

brutally candid declaration?" Seeing that she didn't deign to reply, but just toyed contemptuously with the kids twisted around her front hair, he climbed down a bit and gave her the why and wherefore.

"I got a letter from a turf reporter friend of mine in New York," said he, "telling me to mortgage the old farm and manor house, and the piano, crockery ware and family dog, and put the whole bunch on Beldame to win," and he pulled the letter from his

"Well," said his wife, sarcastically, "I suppose you think too much of the family dog, at any rate, to go quite that far."

"This turf reporter friend," the man went n, ignoring her sarcasm, "says in his on, ignoring letter that Beldame's a pipe, a moral, and that a bet on her is like getting kale in a market basket from your cousin in the country. Wherefore, I won't be home for dinner till twilight has fallen. I'm going to repair to a place I know about to hear the race called off. I can't let good things like this run loose. You may bestow your blessing upon me and wish me luck.

Mrs. Woblewit hadn't gone frequently to the races with her spouse without being aware of some of his wobbly weaknesses, so to speak of them.

"Very well," said she. "But allow me to go on record: You will not play Beldame. I never knew you to invest your money-our money-in this horrid gambling business in the way you set out to invest it. You will put that sorely needed \$100 on any horse in the race except Beldame. I have spoken. This concludes my portion rival is timely. (Biff.) Thy wickieup is all of the entertainment. I declare and ma n-in order, and thou art about to get all that is tain that if you were endowed with the a-coming unto thee, O Scourge of the Track-less Forest! (Zipp.) Thy father has ached in advance that Beldame was going to win. you would not put your money—that you risk without the slightest thought of meon Beldame. When you come home this evening, with a wilted collar, 9 cents in change and an affectionate, apologetic jag, be good enough to remember what I told that you will not play Beldame. you—that you will not play Beldame."
"Yes'm," acquiesced he, see.ng the futil-

ity of words, and departed.

That evening, a bit after 8 o'clock, when Mrs. Wobblewit went, in company with the woman friend who had spent the day with her, to the corner drug store for a glass of soda, she saw the announcement on the bulletin that the Metropolitan handicap at dead heat Beimont Park had resulted in a between Sysonby, at 8 to 5, and Race King, at 20 to 1, and that Beldame hadn't been "Of course," she said to her woman

friend. "And if Beldame had won that un-fortunate husband of mine wouldn't have played her. I know him so well."
When she returned to the house with her woman friend her husband was sitting on the front steps. He looked very dejected. He gazed at her in a guilty, hang-dog sort of way. She knew immediately that he had

been jolted once again.

"Oh, here you are," she said to him with icy amiability. "Er—by the way, I just noticed the result of the race on the bulleting. board. Perfect certainty, Beldame, wasn't she? Dead heat, I perceived, between two horses that I never heard of—Sysonby and

'Nope," said he, gloomily, gazing mournfully up the street.
"Why, of course!" triumphantly exclaimed
his wife, catching the eye of her woman
friend. "Which one of them that is still

running, then, did you put the money for our summer clothes on, pray?"
"Who, me?" said he, rising with a greasy grin. "Why, I played Rayshe King. Thash reeshon I've been sittin 'down-got s'mush money it makeshme tired t' pack it 'round," and he began to dig yellow bills out of ev-ery pocket. "Put hunnered shtraight on Rayshe King, at 20 t' 1, and when they made it dead heat I got a shplit, or 10 t' 1, an' nati thoushand bucks. Beldame'sh a lobshter. Can't beat a fat man. Foun'

that out an' switched t' Rayshe King." "Oh, you lovely old switcher!" she exclaimed rapturously, dragging him into the vestibule and enthusiastically collaring the whole roll out of his hand. And then the eternal feminine asserted it-

"But I told you you wouldn't play Bel-dame, didn't I?" she added.

The Seedless Apple.

From the Country Calendar. Current paragraphs tell how a western horticulturist has originated-some say "created"-a seedless apple. The apple has no core and no blossoms, and, because it has neither blossoms nor seeds, it cannot be killed by late spring frosts nor invaded by worms. The stories say further that the originator of this twentieth century wonder s now at work, expecting to produce seedless Baldwins, Northern' Spies, Jonathans and other similar boons to humanity.

away entirely before the fact that seedless, coreless and so-called bloomless apples are fairly common, and always have been. The seedless apple question had its last turn in this country only fifteen years ago, when it was fully dealt with by Prof. L. H. Bailey. As a matter of fact, this curiosity of horticulture was well known to all the old botanists and pomologists. And omitting hundreds of other references to seedless and bloomless apples, the record of Pliny may be quoted, who named the apple 'A conditione castrati seminis, quae spadonia appellant Belgae," among those fa-milarily known to the Romans at the beginning of the Christian era.

The wonder element in the story fades

The facts are, therefore, about as follows: There is such a thing as a genuine seedless apple. Several varieties have been known and recorded from the time of Pliny, at least. They have never been considered of any practical value. The assertion that any one is even on the way to produce a seed-less Baldwin or Ben Davis or other useful and desirable variety is absolutely denied by those competent to express an opinion.

German Journalistic Enterprise. From the London Chronicle.

A German editor has hit upon a new idea in practical journalism. He is mindful of the utility of his paper for making parcels, and especially for tying up the popular sausage. So he addresses his feminine patrons in these terms: "You have often complained to us, dear readers, and especially dear housewives, that our paper smells of printers' ink, and is therefore unsuitable for carrying butter, sausages and fresh bread. Eager to meet your wishes, dear friends and household fairles, we have decided to publish twice a week an issue which will be printed only on one side, so that the other will be available for those domestic uses. And in order you shall lose no reading matter, these dinary size."

Birthdays in a California Family. From the Yreka Journal,

Sam White of Riverside, on the Klamath river in this county, has a boy born on February 29, and in addition has one who was born on Washington's birthday, one on inauguration day and two on all fool's day, April 1; one on Thanksgiving day and one on February 2, groundhog day. Also three more boys born on other dates.

Green-Pease.

Certland Correspondence Syracuse Post-Standard. Burton Pease was brought from Che nango Forks to this city last night, and immediately following the arrival City Judge Lusk performed a ceremony that made Pease and Miss Flora Green man and wife. The bride has been employed here in a restaurant and was formerly from

the mournful prominence of a Washington arl in a recent celebrated case got me to thinking the other day of how, a few years ago, there was a veritable stampede pretty and clever Washington girls among a man who divides his time between Washington and New York.

"You will recall the series of hasheesh fantasies that were printed in the yellow journals of New York a few years ago comic opera and extravaganzi shows of girls from Washington. Those yarns assuredly did cause a lot of trouble and misery among the stage-struck girls of Washington The Washington girl afflicted with the hopeless footlight mania became aiz zled as she read of how this or that Washington girl had been breaking the hearts of both the vealy and decrepit Johan es of New York by her mere appearance in the sextettes of 'Nororoara' or others of the foolish shows; of how the Washington girls in the New York shows were making heavy plunges on the stock market on their modest incomes of \$18 a week; of how each and all of them contrived to own a garage of red devils and white ghosts on the same humble incomes; of how they were buying verdant isles in the St. Lawrence and chateaux in Italy, and seats on the Island of Capri with their savings, and all that dreary sort of tommyrot.

"And then, besides, the pretty, left-behind stage-struck maidens of Washington read in these New York yellows that all of the Washington chorus women making such gigantic hits for themselves in New York belonged to the elite of the capital; that they numbered among their relatives 'some of the most distinguished people of the old southern society of Washington,' and a lot

of similar rubbish.
"'If those girls,' mused the left-at-home stage-struck maidens, 'whom we knew back here in Washington simply as the ordinar-iest kind of girls—if they can be so cutely talked about once they catch on over in New York on the dear, lovely stage, can't we, too, when we make hits, be hailed by these innocent New York reporters aser-the real thing when it comes to family

ancestry, and so on?"
"The descent that was made upon New York, when these pipe-dreams were being turned out, by good-looking but entirely ungifted Washington girls-no less good lecking, but surely no more gifted, than girls from other cities, as why should they be?-in search of immediate and first-rate billets with the frothy extravaganzas, was something that all but swept the New York theatrical employing agents off their feet. It seemed as if every other girl one would meet on Broadway while the mania lasted was a chit of a creature whom one had known in starched short skirts and pigtalis in Washington only a very few years ago.

in Washington only a very few years ago.

"The majority of these Washington girls returned to Washington after a very short stay in New York, thoroughly cured of their stage mania. A few of them—perhaps half a dozen, all told—contrived to catch on with the extravaganza companies, because they were good looking to a somewhat unusual extent and because, in adwhat unusual extent and because, in addition, they had a lot of luck.

"But a certain Washington girl that I have in mind in making these observa-tions did not return to Washington. This girl made a runaway of it when she left Washington, for her people were decidedly against her mingling with the wretched white-light-and-lobster-palace existence of the big, cold-blooded town. A Washington detective, in fact, was sent over to New York to attempt to prevail upon the girl

"But she wouldn't return. She wanted to go on the stage in New York, and that's all there was about it, so there, she said, with the conventional stamp of her foot. She wanted to get in line for the \$18 a week of the show girl, and purchase Panhard and Mercedes machines with her pin money, and buy or sell 15,000 or 20,000 shares of L. & N. every day, and wear a huge picture hat with black plumes in the front row, and see her picture in the Tenderloin magazines and the Sunday yellows, and sit in a box at the races, surrounded by idolatrous pinheads, and all the rest of No, she would not return to Washington, so she wouldn't, and the detective re-

irned to Washington and so reported.
"Well, that girl didn't make much of a en-strike with the New York managers. They found her a chubby little thing, with a lot of front hair and several of the cunnin'est imaginable freckles on her nose, but nose-freckles don't go particularly well for front-row girls, and the chubby style of young woman for chorus purposes had gone out of fashion several years before. The little Washington girl looked reprovingly out of her large blue eyes at the New failed to take York managers when they her on and give her good front-row oppor-tunities, but the fizzle she made of it by no means induced her to feel like returning

to her Washington home. "For several months she haunted the managers' offices, and yet show after show, and all of them carrying slathers of girls, was put on, without her ever getting so much as an offer. In an effort to attract attention to herself and thus obtain an engagement she tried two or three extraorinary notoriety-seeking stunts at the instigation of a professional booster hanger-on press agent who once lived in

"One of these stunts was something dismal. Diablo, the fellow who first looped the loop on a bicycle with a circus at Madison Square Garden, was making a huge success at the time, and the little Washington girl's booster announced that she was going to try to duplicate the feat on a certain night. The inevitable gang of New York reporters were on hand on the announced night for the young woman's perilous undertaking. She made her appearance in Madison Square Garden, clad in red tights, that caused her chubbiness to look like plain adipose, and her booster was

along with her. The young woman went to the top of the incline, where Diablo customarily mounted his wheel, took a good look at the job ahead of her—and galloped out of the garden and into a cab, scared almost to death. She, of course, had never meant to loop the loop on a bike or anything else, but she and the booster figured on a big lot of advertising out of the thing. They got left on this. Not a line appeared about the incident in a solitary New York news-

Well, the young woman dropped out of sight for a long time. "Last Sunday Coney Island opened, and I went down to look the new things over. while walking through the malodorous 'Midway' I stopped to listen to the remarks of a barker. The barker was about three parts loaded, and he was bawling at the passers-by as he stood in front of a weather-worn, smoky-hued tent,

"Come on, youse mugs an' y'r Mags,' he yelled, an' take a peek at de ten-t'ousan'dollar beaut! She makes de Queen o' Sheba look like Biddy de Bite, an' Cleopatra ain't in it wit' dis sizzlin' tamale any more'n I'm in it wit' Corny Astorbilt w'en it comes de cush! De on'y ree-al, gen-yo-wine, ten-t'ousan' beaut on de rocks, an' if youse don't t'ink she's de limit w'en youse gits a flash, w'y, youse gits y'r dough back, an' a box o' see-gars trun in! Everybody, now, pass in-on'y a nickel, half a dime, t' see de ten-t'ousan'-dollar beaut!'

"Could anything have sounded more inviting? So I passed in.

"All alone in the smoky-hued tent, the chubby little Washington girl who had dreamed of picture-hatted glory on the extravaganza stage stood on a soap box, with her chubby bare arms clasped rigidly be-nind her back. She was diked out in soiled pink cotton tights, with a bit of green gauze flowing around her to cause her, perhaps, to look like a real rakish mer-maid. It was very close within the tent, and the perspiration was making little riv-ulets through the powder on her cheeks. The heat had neutralized the work of the curling tongs, and her hair hung dank and straight about her head and neck.

She kept her gaze xfied in a strained sort of way at one of the side tent flaps, when I entered she didn't-well, I was glad she didn't notice me, somehow or another. What would have been the use? I had known her in the other years when she was just a romping, wide-eyed little Washington girl, with stiffly starched white dresses reaching only to her knees, and her hair done up in two plaits and tied with cherry ribbons-and-well, I was mighty glad, somehow, that she didn't catch my eye, for there she was, wasn't she, and what would have been the use of any kind of recognition under such circumstan-

Ardent Lover. rom the Catholic Standard and Times.

Kloseman-I'm looking for another girl; Ascum-Why, I thought Miss Pechis had

accepted you.

Kloseman—So she did, but the ring I had didn't fit her, so I've got to find somebody

ART NOTES.

in the Art League building this week. It consisted of drawings from the antique, still life studies, sketches from life, decorato get on the stage in New York." observed tive designs and water colors, and it represented the year's output of her several classes. Much of the work was elementary and very little of it was done by students purposing to make art a profession, and vet it was all serious, virile and academic. about the colossal success in New York It showed thoughtful study and good teaching, and spoke almost equally well for the students and the instructor. The drawings from the antique were specially praiseworthy-strong, broadly handled and good in tone-and with them a single still-life study set forth in black and white was, through its unusual merit, found more than deserving of note. The water colors were less in number, but equally as importantnot always correct, but exhibiting good feeling and demonstrating effort expended in the right direction. One particularly clever little drawing was a pencil sketch of a Boston bulldog curled up asleep on one of the studio chairs, which was made by a member of the Saturday class, David Mac-Laughlin, a lad of nine, for his grandfather, President Angell of Ann Arbor University. There was some excellent outdoor work shown by members of the summer sketch class, and, among other interesting exhibits, a small plaster cast of a medallion portrait modeled by one of the more advanced pupils. Taking the exhibi-tion as a whole, it was remarkably varied and impressive, and studying the exhibits individually it was found that all demonstrated earnest effort and displayed more than passing knowledge of construction From first to last it was exceedingly credit-

> Miss Mathilde Mueden has just finished a harming little portrait in red chalk of Miss Lydia Biddle. It is about twice the size of a cabinet photograph and gives a threequarter view of the head and shoulders. The likeness is said to be admirable and the handling is extremely artistic. The modeling though very delicate is firmly felt, and the values throughout are well sustained. It is in places sketchy and yet at the same time where it is essential it shows careful finish. Miss Mueden is now making in the same style, though in crayon, portrait of Miss Perrie's mother, promises to be quite as satisfactory a likeness and equally as pleasing a picture. It is an ideal form of portraiture—not aggressive and yet entirely unaffected.

Miss Aline Solomons, her father and sister, and Mr. Max Weyl left here last Wednesday evening for Asheville, N. C., where for a fortnight or more they are to be the guests of Mr. Henry of New York, whose estate adjoins Biltmore. Mr. Henry is an old friend of Mr. Solomons and when he was in Washington last winter became greatly interested in Mr. Weyl's work, purchasing two of his canvases and offering him commissions for others painted in th neighborhood of his southern home. Mr. Weyl is an enthusiast on the beauty of our outlying country; he never complains of lack of subjects, and to him it never seems to lose its charm. He was, however, look-ing forward with much pleasure to his sojourn in Asheville and he will undoubt-edly bring back from there much valuable

Very recently Mr. Weyl has painted a

number of particularly attractive spring pictures. One is to be seen in the local exhibition at Veerhoff's, and others were informally shown this week in his studio. All were done from a single situation near the junction of the Loughboro and Tenleytown roads. Of all, possibly the most pleasing is a canvas of considerable size picturing long stretches of rolling fields with a fringe of woods against the horizon and a group of budding trees in the middle distance. In this the composition is specially charming; the coloring most tender and appealing. It pessesses the very essence of spring-its traits freshness, its dazzling beauty, and at the same time its air of languor-and it is painted with all the vigor and breadth which characterize the artist's best works. More commonplace and yet perhaps more nctable is a smaller canvas, also of recent marshland and a scrap of water. A peculiarly toneful study, crisp in treatment, dull in color, yet fervid in sentiment and rich in somber harmony. A picture which in a great exhibition might escape notice, but which in a home would constantly increase in significance.

The death, on Monday of this week, of Mr. Flavius Fisher, who for many years has had a studio and conducted art classes in the Corcoran building, removed a familiar figure from the local art circle. Mr. Fisher was born in Virginia over seventythree years ago, and he gave the larger part of his life to his painting. Educated in the German schools at a time when, perhaps, they were most pedantic and least strong, he became a clever technician and faithful student. The principles he learned in his youth he was true to in his old age, and each of his works gave con-scientiously the measure of his ability He painted in his time some distinguished persons, but standing even more to his redit is the fact that he sincerely loved his art and strove to attain by it worthy

In Morrey's gallery there is now on ex-

hibition a wonderfully interesting water color by John Terris, a member of the Royal Scottish Water Color Society, who has attained considerable prominence abroad, but whose work is seldom seen in America. It is a picture of London from the Thames-London enveloped in fog. locming like a ghost city above the wharf houses and quays. In the foreground is a group of barges going up the river, to the right is a light bridge, and to the left a group of rich, red-brown dock houses, while beyond, rising tier after tier in the mysterious greatness, are the buildings of the great city itself, house walls, roof tops and cathedral spires. It is a powerful work, suggestive in a measure of Mr. Colin Campbell Cooper's skyscraper pictures, accurate in draftsmanship, subtle in sentiment, In color it is rich and luscious; in tone well balanced. Technically, the treatment is apparently simple, the color is laid on broadly and without stint, and yet its transparence has been preserved and there is no evidence of effort. It is distinctly an inter-pretation, for more truly than the place itself, it sets forth the individuality and character of the great British metropolis It is very unlike the usual work of the English school, but aside from school or nationality it is a masterly accomplishment

Mr. Richard N. Brooke is so well known as a painter of genre and landscape that his portrait painting is often overlooked. His portrait of Mr. Waggaman was, however, thought by connoisseurs to be one of stitution.

From Ally Sloper.

Crowner day and the contract of the product of the contract of

his best works, and a portrait he has re cently wrought of a well-known local law-yer is worthy to be ranked with the best It is a small canvas showing only the head and shoulders. The background is a dark unobtrusive color, the clothes gray, thut the attention and interest is centered or the head and face, which are admirably Miss Bertha E. Perrie held an interesting exhibition of her pupils' work in her studio modeled and most expressive. It was printed with less than a half dozen sittings and in as many hours, but while it pre-serves the spontaneity of a sketch it pos-sesses the finish of a mature work. It is an excellent likeness and it is strongly pervaded by the personality of the sitter

> One of the first artists to leave the city this season is Miss Katharine Chipman, who goes on Monday to New York and from thence to Cragsmoor, where she has a charming summer studio. Cragsmoor, by the way, can boast in summer of what Mr. Howell has been pleased to call the "best society"-a society made up of some of the foremost painters, writers and scholars of this country. Among the cottagers are to be numbered the Innesses, Charles Curran, Robert Henri, the Kellars and the Delan-The place itself is delightfully sit uated, fairly inaccessible and as yet sufficiently uncivilized to be picturesque. Miss Chipman spent the greater part of last win-ter in study, but she found time to paint several miniatures, most notable among which was one of her father-a vigorous work and an excellent likeness.

The Metropolitan Museum has not waited for the arrival of its new director to turn over a new leaf. It has suddenly awakened to the knowledge of its poverty in American works of art, and in the recent report of the trustees published a long list of the names of artists who are either inadequately represented or not represented at all in its collection. Notable among the former are Gilbert Stuart, Trumbull, Peale and Allston; Church, Wyant, Homer Martin and Theodore Robinson; and among the latter Copley, Sully, Morse, Gifford, William M. Hunt, Hart and Moran.

Pittsburg, Pa., is setting a noteworthy example in the monument she is erecting to the memory of the late Senator Magee. Instead of the conventional bronze portrait statue it is to take the form of a large drinking fountain, and the commission for its design has been awarded to Mr. Saint Gaudens. It is to cost \$40,000.

If the east wishes to continue her prestige in art matters she will have to be on the alert in the future, as the west is coming forward with rapid strides. In all the large cities of the middle west much interest in art matters has recently been arcused and interest of a high order of intelligence is being demonstrated. Minne apolis has been acquiring some notable mural paintings for its public buildings this winter, as well as a picture by John W Alexander for its art gallery, and St. Louis has within the last three months organized a Fine Arts Society, got possession of a building for a gallery, and purchased by public subscription, among other things, a painting of the cascades at the St. Louis fair, painted by Mr. Colin Campbell Cooper. Denver can boast of an excellent Municipal Art Society and many of the smaller towns are seeking loan exhibitions and striving for better conditions through civic improve

The Buffalo Fine Arts Academy has just received from Mr. Albright an offer of an annuity of \$10,000, which it is understood will relieve it of the cost of maintaining the new gallery, and enable it to devote a large part of its income to the purchase of new works of art.

Mr. George de Forest Brush, whose picture of a mother and child occupies so prominent a place in the Corcoran Gallery's collection, returned a short time ago to this country from Italy, where he has been residing for more than a year. He has

The annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, which is now in progress in London, contains this year some specially notable portraits. Sargent heads the list with large convases of the Mariborough family and the Countess of Warwick, which are dedate, a lowland picture, setting forth in simplest terms a gray sky, a stretch of likenesses of Garcia, Lady Helen Vincent and Leon Delafose done in his still clever but more studied manner. Fidles' por-trait of Queen Alexandra occupies the place of honor, but divides interest with Speed's Belfast portrait of the king, Ouless' likeness of the Prince of Wales and Arthur Cope's presentation of the German emperor. To this array J. J. Shannon, another Anglo-American painter, who, by the way, has been executing commissions in New York the greater part of the past winter, makes four important contributions, masterly portraits with well-handled land LEILA MECHLIN. backgrounds.

Typifying America.

From the Chicago Record-Herald. Americans have always been proud of Niagara. Not only that, they have always felt that their national character was typified in a sense in this great work of nature, so that the falls were truly representative of the American people. Perhaps the famous old Massachusetts editor, Samuel Bowles, gave most enthusiastic expression to this feeling when in 1856, under the direct inspiration of the torrents of water,

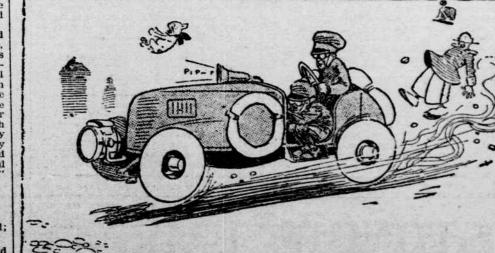
he wrote:

America is written all over the falls. Its roar is that of the nation. Its majestic sweep typifies the grand progress of Amer-The maddening, dashing, seething, buffing, pitching, uneasy flood typifies the intensity of the American mind and the vitality of American action. Here is the fountain of true young America; here the breast which gives it milk; here the nurture which gives it vitality.

Samuel Bowles were alive today he would find the falls doubly typical. would find them typical not only of the American people, but also of the way that people is being plundered, its ideals ravished, and possibly the very foundations of its free existence undermined by bandit bands of bosses who rule in the

seat of government. This is no straining of a point nor stretching of an analogy. Niagara is to the rulers of New York state simply a most tempting object for loot. In recent years part of its beauty and majesty has been despoiled to the financial benefit of the political power plant promoters. This year the state senate passed a bill for the theft of all that remains. If the lower house rejects the "grab," or if the governor vetoes it, the bandits will be keen to the theft next year and the year after and the year after that, till they either succeed or are thrown finally from power. In the fate of Niagara Americans can see writ plain the threatened fate of their very liberties.

"You reckon Br'er Johnson got a warm reception on yuther side?"
"I dunno. But I mighty sartin er one thing. Dey didn't take him ter whar he wuz gwine in de ice wagon."-Atlanta Con-



Lord Carmad-Where are we now? Chauffeur-Paris, I think, sir. Lord Carmad-Never mind de